evening gowns. It was grotesque, but the only thing I really noticed was Adam's face, in a beam of light at the end of the room. It was an open casket after all. Caspar walked a few paces towards it, then recoiled. He'd seen enough. He was ready to go. I walked right up to the casket and studied Adam's face. There was a faint white disk in the middle of his brow. It must have been the bullet hole. The back of his head was probably blown off. I had never seen him asleep, but his eyelids looked unnaturally flat and sunken. His eyes had probably been blown out too. His lips were bloodless, thin and tight as if he were still experiencing pain.

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Adam said he'd always wanted to be an actor. He was a good one. I really didn't know him very well.

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